

Enter Prince John, and Westmerland.

John. The heat is past, follow no farther now:
Call in the Powers, good Cousin Westmerland.
Now Falstaffe, where have you beene all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come.
These tardie Tricks of yours will (on my life)
One time, or other, breake some Gallows back.

Falst. I would bee forry (my Lord) but it should bee
thus: I neuer knew yet, but rebuke and checke was the
reward of Valour. Doe you thinke me a Swallow, an Ar-
row, or a Bullet? Haue I, in my poore and olde Motion,
the expedition of Thought? I haue speeded hither with
the very extremest ynh of possibilitie. I haue fowndred
nine score and odde Postes: and heere (trauell-tainted
as I am) haue, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken
Sir *John Collesile* of the Dale, a most furious Knight, and
valorous Enemie: But what of that? hee saw mee, and
yeelded: that I may iustly say with the hooke-nos'd
fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and ouer-came.

John. It was more of his Courtisie, then your deser-
uing.

Falst. I know not: heere hee is, and heere I yeeld
him: and I beseech your Grace, let it be book'd, with
the rest of this dayes deedes; or I sweare, I will haue it
in a particular Ballad, with mine owne Picture on the top
of it (*Collesile* kissing my foot:) To the which course, if
I be enforc'd, if you do not all shew like gilt two-pences
to me; and I, in the cleare Skie of Fame, o're-shine you
as much as the Full Moone doth the Cynders of the Ele-
ment (which shew like Pinnes-heads to her) beleue not
the Word of the Noble: therefore let mee haue right,
and let desert mount.

John. Thine's too heauie to mount.

Falst. Let it shine then.

John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Falst. Let it doe something (my good Lord) that may
doe me good, and call it what you will.

John. Is thy Name Collesile?

Col. It is (my Lord.)

John. A famous Rebelle art thou, Collesile.

Falst. And a famous true Subiect tooke him.

Col. I am (my Lord) but as my Betters are,
That led me hither: had they beene rul'd by me,
You should haue wonne them dearer then you haue.

Falst. I know not how they sold themselves, but thou
like a kinde fellow, gau'st thy selfe away; and I thanke
thee, for thee.

Enter Westmerland.

John. Haue you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and Execution stay'd.

John. Send Collesile, with his Confederates,
To Yorke, to present Execution.

Blunt. leade him hence, and see you guard him sure.

Exit with Collesile.

And now dispatch we toward the Court (my Lords)

I heare the King, my Father, is sore sicke.

Our Newes shall goe before vs, to his Maiestie,

Which (Cousin) you shall beare, to comfort him:

And wee with sober speede will follow you.

Falst. My Lord, I beseech you, giue me leaue to goe
through Gloucestershire: and when you come to Court,
stand my good Lord, pray, in your good report.

John. Fare you well, Falstaffe: I, in my condition,
Shall better speake of you, then you deserue.

Exit.

Falst. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better
then your Dukedome. Good faith, this same young so-
ber-blooded Boy doth not loue me, nor a man cannot
make him laugh: but that's no maruaile, hee drinks no
Wine. There's neuer any of these demure Boyes come
to any prooffe: for thinne Drinke doth so ouer-coole
their blood, and making many Fish-Meales, that they
fall into a kinde of Male Greene-sicknesse: and then,
when they marry, they get Wenches. They are generally
Foolles, and Cowards; which some of vs should be too,
but for inflammation. A good Sherris-Sack hath a two-
fold operation in it: it ascends me into the Braine, dries
me there all the foolish, and dull, and cruddie Vapours,
which enuiron it: makes it apprehensiu, quicke, forge-
tiue, full of nimble, ferie, and delectable shap; which
deliuer'd o're to the Voyce, the Tongue, which is the
Birth, becomes excellent Wit. The second propertie of
your excellent Sherris, is, the warming of the Blood:
which before (cold, and fetled) left the Luer white, and
pale; which is the Badge of Pusillanimitie, and Cowar-
dize: but the Sherris warms it, and makes it course
from the inwards, to the parts extremes: it illuminates
the Face, which (as a Beacon) giues warning to all the
rest of this little Kingdome (Man) to Arme: and then
the Vitall Commoners, and in-land pettie Spirits, muster
me all to their Captaine, the Heart; who great, and puff-
vp with his Retinue, doth any Deed of Courage; and this
Valour comes of Sherris. So, that skill in the Weapon
is nothing, without Sack (for that sets it a-work); and
Learning, a meere Hoord of Gold, kept by a Devil, till
Sack commences it, and sets it in act, and vie. Hereof
comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood
hee did naturally inherite of his Father, hee hath, like
leane, stirrill, and bare Land, manured, husbanded, and
tyll'd, with excellent endeauour of drinking good, and
good store of fertile Sherris, that hee is become very hot,
and valiant. If I had a thousand Sonnes, the first Principle
I would teach them, should be to forswear thinne Pota-
tions, and to addict themselves to Sack. Enter *Bardolph*.

How now *Bardolph*?

Bard. The Armie is discharged all, and gone.

Falst. Let them goe: Ile through Gloucestershire,
and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, Esquire: I
haue him already tempering betweene my finger and my
thombe, and shortly will I seale with him. Come away.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Warwicke, Clarence, Gloucester.

King. Now Lords, if Heaven doth giue successefull end
To this Debate, that bleedeth at our doores,
Wee will our Youth lead on to higher Fields,
And draw no Swords, but what are sanctify'd.
Our Nauie is addrested, our Power collected,
Our Substitutes, in absence, well inuested,
And every thing lyes leuell to our wish;
Only wee want a little personall Strength:
And pawse vs, till these Rebels, now a-foot,
Come vnderneath the yoaake of Government.

War. Both which we doubt not, but your Maiestie
Shall soone enjoy.

King. Hum.

King. Humphrey (my Sonne of Gloucester) where is
the Prince, your Brother?

Glo. I thinke hee's gone to hunt (my Lord) at Wind-
sor.

King. And how accompanied?

Glo. I doe not know (my Lord.)

King. Is not his Brother, *Thomas* of Clarence, with
him?

Glo. No (my good Lord) hee is in presence heere.

Clar. What would my Lord, and Father?

King. Nothing, but well to thee, *Thomas* of Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the Prince, thy Brother?

Hee loues thee, and thou dost neglect him (*Thomas*).

Thou hast a better place in his Affection,

Then all thy Brothers: cherish it (my Boy) hadst thou
Add Noble Offices thou mayst effect

Of Mediation (after I am dead)

Betweene his Greatnesse, and thy other Brethren;

Therefore omit him not: blurt not his Loue,

Nor loose the good advantage of his Grace;

For seeming cold, or carelesse of his will,

Hee hath a Teare for Pitié, and a Hand

Open (as Day) for melting Charié:

Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, hee's Flinty,

As humorous as Winter, and as sudden,

As Flawes congel'd in the Spring of day;

His temper therefore must be well obseru'd:

Chide him for faults, and doe it reuerently,

When you perceiue his blood enclin'd to mirth;

But being moodie, giue him Line, and scope,

Till that his passions (like a Whale on ground)

Confound themselves with working: Leade this *Thomas*,

And thou shalt proue a shelter to thy friends;

A Hoope of Gold, to binde thy Brothers in:

That the vnied Vessell of their Blood

(Mingled with Venome of Suggestion,

As force, perforce, the Age will powre it in)

Shall neuer leake, though it doe worke as strong

As Aconitum, or rash Gun-powder.

Clar. I shall obserue him with all care, and loue.

King. Why art thou not at Windsor with him (*Tho-*
mas)?

Clar. Hee is not there to day: hee dines in Lon-
don.

King. And how accompanied? Canst thou tell
that?

Clar. With *Pointz*, and other his continuall fol-
lowers.

King. Most subiect is the fattest Soyle to Weedes:

And hee (the Noble Image of my Youth)

Is ouer-spread with them: therefore my griefe

Stretches it selfe beyond the howre of death;

The blood weepes from my heart, when I doe shape

(In formes imaginarie) diuined Days;

And rotten Times, that you shall looke vpon,

When I am sleeping with my Ancestors;

For when his head-strong Riot hath no Curbe,

When Rage and hot-Blood are his Counsaillors,

When Meanes and lauish Manners meete together;

Oh, with what Wings shall his Affections flye

Towards fronting Perill, and oppos'd Decay?

War. My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite:

The Prince but studies his Companions,

Like a strange Tongue: wherein, to gaine the Language,

Tis needfull, that the most inmodest words

Be look'd vpon, and learn'd: which once attain'd,

Your Highnesse knowes, comes to no farther vse,

But to be know'd, and hated. So, like grosse termes,

The Prince will, in the perfectnesse of time,

Cast off his followers: and their memorie

Shall as a Patterne, or a Measure, liue,

By which his Grace must mete the liues of others,

Turning past euils to aduantages.

King. Tis seldom, when the Bed doth leaue her Combe

In the dead Carrion;

Enter *Westmerland*.

Who's heere? *Westmerland*?

West. Health to my Soueraigne, and new happinesse

Added to that, that I am to deliuer.

Prince *John*, your Sonne, doth kisse your Graces Hand;

Mowbray, the Bishop, *Serape*, *Hastings*, and all,

Are brought to the Correction of your Laws.

There is not now a Rebels Sword vnscathed,

But Peace puts forth her Olive euery where:

The manner how this Action hath bene borne,

Here (at more leysure) may your Highnesse reade;

With euery course, in his particular.

King. O *Westmerland*, thou art a Summer Bird,

Which euer in the haunch of Winter sings

The lifting vp of day.

Enter *Harcourt*.

Looke, heere's more newes.

Harc. From Enemies, Heaven keepe your Maiestie:

And when they stand against you, may they fall,

As those that I am come to tell you of.

The Earle *Northumberland*, and the Lord *Bardolph*,

With a great Power of English, and of Scots,

Are by the Sherife of Yorke shew ouerthrowne:

The manner, and true order of the fight,

This Packet (please it you) contains at large.

King. And wherefore should these good newes

Make me sicke?

Will Fortune neuer come with both hands full,

But write her faire words still in foulest Letters?

Shee cyther giues a Stomack, and no Foode,

(Such are the poore, in health) or else a Feast,

And takes away the Stomack (such are the Rich,

That haue abundance, and enjoy it not).

I should reioyce now, at this happy newes,

And now my Sight fayles, and my Braine is giddie.

O me, come neere me, now I am much ill.

Glo. Comfort your Maiestie.

Clar. Oh, my Royall Father.

West. My Soueraigne Lord, cheare vp your selfe, looke

vp.

War. Be patient (Princes) you doe know, these Rites

Are with his Highnesse very ordinarie;

Stand from him, giue him ayre:

Hee'll straight be well.

Clar. No, no, hee cannot long hold out: these pangs,

Th'incessant care, and labour of his Minde,

Hath wrought the Mure, that should confine it in;

So thinne, that Life looks through, and will breake out.

Glo. The people feare me: for they doe obserue

Vnfather'd Heires, and loathly Births of Nature:

The Seasons change their manners, as the Yere

Had found some Moneths asleepe, and leap'd them ouer.

Clar. The Riuer hath thrice flow'd, no ebbe betweene:

And the old folke (Times dotting Chronicles)

Say it did, so, a little time before

That our great Grand-sire *Edward* sick'd, and dy'd.